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# Coquille City Herald.

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**A. F. and A. M.,**  
Chadwick Lodge, No. 68.  
Meets at Coquille City on Saturday evening or before the full moon in each month.  
John Goodman, W. M.

**G. A. R.,**  
Gen. Lytle Post, No. 27.  
Meets at Coquille City, on every first and third Wednesday. Visiting comrades, in good standing, cordially invited.  
Chas. S. True, Commander.

**A BUSINESS MELODY.**

There was a man in our town,  
And he was wondrous wise,  
For when he marked the press down,  
He then did advertise.

And when he saw his trade increase,  
With all his might and main,  
He marked still lower every price,  
And advertised again.

—[New York Morning Journal.]

And when he advertised again  
His rivals loudly swore  
To see folks rush with might and main  
To patronize his store.

And while they sat in solitude,  
And saw his custom win,  
That man, getting the counter stood,  
And raised the shackles on.

—[Charleston News.]

And when he raked the shovels in,  
And saw his fortune rising,  
He took a goodly lot of tin  
And kept on advertising.

Each day a generous sum he'd sink,  
And demonstrate full plain  
The more one pays for printers' ink,  
The greater is his gain.

—[Boston Star.]

His dealings were all on the square,  
And no cross purpose bled him;  
He paid his debts and traded fair,  
And fairly we protect him.

His pile he made in early life,  
And thus prepared for winter,  
He built a house and got a wife,  
And says: "Success came through the printer."

**Luther's Death.**

The man of all others in Germany who loved peace was Luther. War he abhorred with all the strength of his great soul. He could not conceive a greater calamity befalling his cause than that the sword should be allied with it. Again and again, during the course of his life, when the opposing parties were on the point of rushing to arms, the Reformer stepped in, and the sword leapt back into its scabbard. Again war threatens. On every side men are preparing their arms; hosts are mustering, and mighty captains are taking the field. We listen, if haply that powerful voice which had so often dispersed the tempest when the belt was ready to fall shall once more make itself heard. There comes instead the terrible tidings—Luther is dead! In January, 1545, the Reformer was asked to arbitrate in a dispute between the Counts of Mansfeld touching the line of their boundaries. Though not caring to meddle in such matters, he consented, moved chiefly by the consideration that it was his native province to which the matter had reference, and that he should thus be able to visit his birthplace once more. He was taken ill on the road, but, recovering, he proceeded on his journey. On approaching Mansfeld he was met by the counts with a guard of honor, and lodged at their expense in his native town of Eisleben. "He was received by the Counts of Mansfeld and an escort of more than 100 horsemen, and entered the town," writes Mainbourg, "more like a prince than a prophet, amidst the salute of cannon and the ringing of the bells in all the churches." Having dispatched to the satisfaction of the counts the business that took him thither, he occasionally preached in the church and partook of the communion; but his strength was ebbing away. Many signs warned him that he had not long to live, and that where he had passed his morning, there was he spending his eve—an eve of reverence and honor more than kingly. "Here I was born and baptised," said he to his friends; "what if I should remain here to die also?" He was only 63, but continual anxiety, ceaseless and exhausting labor, oft-recurring fits of nervous depression, and cruel maladies, had done more than years to waste his strength. On the 17th of February he dined and supped with his friends including his three sons—John, Martin, and Paul—and Justus Jonas, who had accompanied him. "After supper," says Sleidan, "having withdrawn to pray, as his custom was, the pain in his stomach began to increase. Then, by the

advice of some, he took a little unicorn's horn in wine, and for an hour or two slept very sweetly on a couch in the stove. When he awoke he retired to his chamber, and again disposed himself to rest." Awakening after a short slumber, the oppression in his chest had increased, and, perceiving that his end was come, he addressed himself to God in these words—"O God, my heavenly Father, and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, God of all consolation, I give Thee thanks that thou hast revealed unto me Thy Son Jesus Christ, in whom I have believed; whom I have confessed; whom I have loved; whom I have declared and preached; whom the Pope of Rome, and the multitude of the ungodly, do persecute and dishonor; I beseech Thee, my Lord Jesus Christ, receive my soul. O heavenly Father, though I be snatched out of this life; though I must now lay down this body; yet know I assuredly that I shall abide with Thee for ever, and that no man can pluck me out of Thy hands." His prayer had winged its way upward; his spirit was soon to follow. Three times he uttered the words, his voice growing fainter at each repetition. "Into Thy hands I commit my spirit; Thou hast redeemed me, O God of truth!" And says Sleidan, "he in a manner gently slept out of this life, without any bodily pain or agony that could be perceived."—The History of Protestantism.

Through the Yakima country and in the Big Bend of the Columbia, and all north of Snake river, the severity of winter is felt more acutely than in Middle and Southern Oregon. Cattle, with their split hoofs, are unable to paw away the snow as sheep and horses can and suffer great loss. We have seen where in a ravine near Blacklock the bones of hundreds of sheep are actually piled up. The poor creatures huddled together and died in great numbers. This snow seems to have extended through all the region in Oregon and Washington east of the Cascades and it is very possible that two-thirds of all stock there has perished. There will be many poor men to begin life anew. The ten millions of pounds of wool expected will be sadly lessened in bulk and beef cattle will be scarce for actual home consumption. While many persons will lose heavily the railroads will also be great losers as there will be so much less wool and stock for them to transport to market next season.—Farmer.

**Persistence.**

The other day down in the country, after a marriage ceremony had been performed, the bridegroom and several friends walked down to the spring.

"Is he cuten hearin?" asked the bride.

"Yes," some one replied.

"Well, thank the Lord, it's over. I've been er tryin' to hem that feller up for more than ten years, an' have just succeeded. I want say to you wimmin folks: Don't give up. Recollect what the bible say, 'If you don't git what you air arter at fast, keep peggin' away till you git thar.'"

The seventeen-year-old girl who annually cuts her father's entire crop of wheat and mows ten acres of grass lives in Dufferin county. This year, besides performing these agricultural labors, she has "set up" with a Shelburne store clerk three nights a week, read seven continued stories in a weekly journal, attended four Sunday-school picnics, set the dogs on 29 tramps and fallen off a cherry tree. And yet some cranky editors continue to propound the conundrum, "What can women do?"—Water-town (Ont.) Herald.

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**The Mule's Superior Intelligence.**

During a chat with the foreman of the street car stables, James E. Barry, the subject turned to a discussion of the characteristics of mules and horses. He has been a close student of both, and the result of his experience is that the mule is entitled to the higher rank in sagacity.

Mr. Barry went on to say that the superiority of the mule is shown in his absolute refusal to put his foot in a hole in a bridge or crossing. Horses seem to endeavor to find a hole, if there is any lying around, and break their legs. This a mule will not do, nor can he be forced to advance if he thinks there is danger. "The horse," said Mr. Barry, "has more courage, the mule more sense."

It has been an amusing study at one of the stables to watch a sly, mischievous little mule that is rather too fond of liberty. It seems that the mules are fastened to their stalls by a chain, on the end of which is a crosspiece of iron, which is slipped lengthwise through a hole in the stall, and when extended crossways over the hole prevents the chain being withdrawn. This mule, when standing in his manger, with his teeth and tongue manages to slip the crosspiece attached to the chain out of the hole, and then cautiously backs out the full length of the chain and surveys the field. If there be a stableman in sight he re-enters the stall and waits demurely until the coast is clear, when he comes out quickly and makes a dash for liberty and the street. Sometimes it requires all hands to catch him and bring him back.

In the yard of one of the downtown stables there is a post to which four mules are generally tied after being carried. There was recently one mule there that was fond of slipping its chain tag through the ring in the post, and then, to allow its mates to share in its liberty, he loosened the others. This he did so often he had to be closely watched.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

The way to cure for sheep in the winter is to have plenty of roots for them to eat. They don't care for dry hay and are dainty about eating grain, but turnips suit their fancy and they thrive well on them. The other day we took a sleigh ride out in the hills and nearly five miles away we passed the house of Mr. R. C. Halley. The snow and ice covered the ground a foot or two feet deep, and very solid, but our friend Robert was out in the garden digging away the snow down to his turnips and the sheep were let in to eat them. He said it was wonderful how the turnips yielded. He soon uncovered a couple of bushels and the sheep threw on them, frozen as they were. It was the pursuit of turnips among difficulties when they had to be dug throughout such depth of snow and ice, but that it could be done showed how easy it is to make such roots available for the use of stock. Every farmer with an acre of turnips is well armed against some of the perils of winter.—Farmer.

An exchange figures it out as follows: Let's figure a little on the hog business. Suppose a farmer has twenty hogs that will average 250 pounds gross. If sold on foot he receives, say 4c per pound, or \$10 for each hog, making \$200 for the twenty. But suppose he slaughters his hogs and sells the bacon in the local markets. A hog which weighs 250 lbs. gross will make 150 pounds bacon. The bacon can always be sold for at least 12 cents per pound, making \$18 per hog, or \$360 for the twenty. Take \$200 from \$360 and you will have \$160 left as the profit made on twenty hogs by converting them into bacon. Besides, this farmer has, if he butchers, the lard, the bones and sausage, which he can give to the editors. You see?

**A Brave Boy.**

Those who were fortunate enough to be present at the wharf yesterday morning had the pleasure of witnessing a strange and novel spectacle; a sight that was out of the usual routine of every-day happenings. Larco (every person who has resided any length of time in Santa Barbara knows him), the fisherman, has a fourteen-year-old son that manages a fishing-smack with as much dexterity as an old hand that had followed the seas all the days of his life, and last Summer a year ago, when his father owned the sloop Ocean King, would always accompany him on sea voyages to Hueneine for cargoes of oil and grain, and take his turn at the wheel regularly with his father, by so doing filling the place of able seaman. He can reef and furl sail, and manage a boat in a way that would do credit to old hands at the business. Yesterday morning the boy jumped into one of his father's boats, bent on a fishing tour, and before he got outside of the kelp he hooked onto a ten-foot shark that brought his boat to a standstill. With the nerve of a hero he went immediately to work to secure Mr. Fish, and it was plain to be seen that the lad had a task of no little magnitude. To use himself advantageously he had to let the boat drift at the mercy of the waves, and at once commenced pulling on the line to which the fish was attached. For a while it was a question in the minds of many who were present as to who was master of the situation, the boy or the fish. The shark would frequently come to the surface and with a sudden lash of its tail that made the waters wild with commotion, would go down to the depths of the ocean with lightning rapidity, evidently realizing his predicament from the fuss he made in fighting to free himself, and while the line grew shorter the shark grew correspondingly larger in his appearances. In the course of a few minutes the fish showed signs of becoming weary and tired, and the work of getting him to the boat was not as great as at first anticipated. The boy's exertions were finally crowned with success, for when the huge monster was within reach of the lad he struck him a severe blow with a large knife, crimsoning the waters for yards, proving that the bit was a good one. After receiving the first cut he fought all the fiercer for a short time, but owing to the loss of blood he soon succumbed. On opening the shark he was found to contain nine good sized fish. He was afterward thrown overboard as their meat is not fit for eating purposes. They are very disastrous to fishing nets, once becoming entangled, frequently tearing them into threads.—Santa Barbara Independent.

Mrs. Snively is the wife of the captain of a New York militia company. She attended a review not long since at which her husband was the commanding officer. Mrs. Snively laughed all the way home, and when, after she got home, she was asked what was the cause of her merriment, she replied:

"It was the funniest thing in the world to see my husband, who never dares open his mouth at home, ordering all those men about, and they doing just what he told them to do. Why don't he try that game on me?"—Ex.

An English farmer says: "For two winters I placed six horses upon the following weekly allowance: Forty-two pounds of oats, twenty-eight pounds of maize, twenty-one pounds of hay cut into chaff, fourteen pounds of straw cut into chaff, Total 196 pounds of food per week per horse. Upon this food the horses have done admirably while in constant work."

**Atlantis.**

The ancients had a legend that beyond the pillars of Hercules, what we now call the Straits of Gibraltar, there existed a vast continent inhabited by civilized people. Mr. H. Meyer tells of certain archaeological discoveries he made recently on the island of Zapatera, Yucatan, which show that the pre-historic nations which occupied Central America believed or professed to know that such a continent really existed in the Atlantic ocean. He found, he says, "two stone tables, one which contains a representation of the world, part of Africa and Asia united Europe and this continent; a large continent is situated in the Atlantic ocean, which I consider to be the mythical lost Atlantis, mentioned in some of the ancient authors. The others tablet contains inscriptions, of which part is undoubtedly Phoenician." This is really interesting; and it is not impossible that even since the race was advanced enough to have a history, that a continent may have been submerged under the sea. The eastern coast of our country is steadily wearing away, while Sweden, Norway and portions of the western continent of Europe are gaining ground from the waters near them. Land, in what is now the Atlantic Ocean, would account for many of the remains of ancient people now found in Mexico, Central and South America. The discovery of Phoenician characters in the inscriptions tells the story of that wonderful maritime people who flourished and controlled the seagoing commerce of mankind before and down to the period of authentic history.—Demorest's monthly.

**Hogs.**

Farmers ought to save a few recipes cut from newspapers and paste in an old book for future use. Here is a scrap may come in some time:

Mange—Sulphur and Epsom salts should be given, and an ointment equal parts of sulphur and rosin made up with lard and rosin or linsed oil. Keep this up till cured.

Buckwheat in connection with other grain is fine for fattening hogs.

"My dear," said a Mormon wife to her husband, "I should think that you would be ashamed of yourself, flirting with Miss R. as you did today." "Flirting with her?" he replied in astonishment. "Why, we've been engaged for more than three months. It's all over town." "Oh I beg your pardon," said the wife indifferently. "If you are engaged to her, I suppose it's all right. When does the happy event occur?"—Argonaut.

Recent soundings over the bed of the Atlantic ocean prove the existence of a sunken ridge often less than 1,000 fathoms from the surface, while on either side the water has a depth of 3,500 fathoms. The elevation of the ocean's bed to a height sufficient to make it dry land would therefore bring up a range of mountains varying from 9,000 to 51,000 feet in height. The higher points of the sunken ridge now form the Azore islands.

An extraordinary murder has just been committed at St. Romain les Athaux, in France. The victim, a farmer named Ravel, was attacked at nine o'clock p. m., about thirty yards from his house and his corps was found soon afterwards pierced with wounds and covered with stones. Ravel was a powerfully built man, and the ground round was torn up, showing signs of a severe struggle, in which several assailants must have taken part. He was credited in the country with having the evil eye, and was believed by many of his neighbors to have brought about the death of their cattle. The magistrates, after investigating the case, have arrived at the conviction that the murder of Ravel is to be traced entirely to this cause.